

Judge

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THE PIOUS UNCLE TOM AND THE WICKED TOPSY

Topsy—"I 'spect he can't do nuffin' wif me—Ise growed dat way. Golly, Ise so wicked!!"



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President W. J. ARNOLD
Art Department BENJAMIN GILLMAN
Editor I. M. GREGORY

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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its serials have found their way to every part of the country, and it is difficult to print enough to supply the demand. This year, with the national election to take care of, the *Judge* will reach a larger circulation than any publication of its kind ever had. It will probably elect the president and carry the state; but, anyhow, its own calling and election are amply provided for. Catch on, catch on!

The *Judge* will take you right straight through.
And you can't get there before we do.

THE MUGWUMP'S ADDRESS.

When this all-powerful disorganization, with a presence almost divine, selected a political leader for the salvation of the country, and by the incidental assistance of an unappreciative and stupid Democracy elected him—elected him by the glorious majority of one thousandth of one per cent.—this nation was saved. No triumph of a great principle could equal it. The struggles of the revolution, the wealth of blood and drain of treasure that re-bought us one flag for one country, "pale their ineffectual fires" compared with this victory of moral ideas—our copyrighted, exclusive, proprietary, patented moral ideas.

Standing on this intellectual Pishgal, handing down the law, we can proudly point to a promised land, where grapes can be had for the gathering and every filibuster who strikes a Republican hip and thigh may expect the deed of a political farce.

We have been accused of faith in a fetish. It has been asserted that our skill is simply a heathenish art; that we have carved a block of wood, and with gouging of tool and touch of paint have made it a god; that a thumbd lump of clay after baking is our Deity; that we dream as did Nebuchadnezzar, and on the broad Shinar of our imagination create a graven image, then fall down and worship the work of our own brains, and that our insanity, like that of the Assyrian king, can only be cured by sending us to grass. What a libel! We are the political cardinals, whose votes are an inspiration. We are the hierarchy, whose hands drip with anointing oil, and our benediction blesses with infallibility. When we bind the brow with the phylactery of imitative civil-service god, when we wrap the mantle of sweet praise around the pan-electric bust, and swath the shoddy clothing of the fishery fiasco, braided with the humbug of "pernicious partisanship" and girt with the caution ambition of the second term, the evening will change a dolt to an oracle.

Did you note the impertinent criticism of President Cleveland by Senator Ingalls? What a sacrilege! Is there no defense against audacity? Is free speech to be permitted forever? Is such a man as Ingalls, with nothing in his veins but such blood as exorted the Magna Charta from King John; that in a puritan parliament condemned Charles the first for treason; that stood on Bunker Hill and fought against English tyranny and an idiot monarch, such blood as breasted and won the battle against

the southern oligarchy—are such a critic and such criticism to be borne without end?

We and our friends had a right to call Lincoln a buffoon, Grant a butcher, Hayes a fraud, Garfield a bandit, and Arthur a gourmand. Times have changed. The dignity of the office now gives the temporary occupant of the executive chair a position beyond reproach. Against that sacred target no criticism or truth must be hurled. The jester must shield his sting, and before the awful presence of the ex-sheriff of Buffalo the nation must be dumb. I will conclude by offering for your unanimous adoption an old resolution passed by a Calvinistic congregation, one that is politically applicable to us:

Resolved, That only the elect can enter heaven.
Resolved, That we are the elect.

J. A.

THE PAGES OF THE *JUDGE* will be numbered continuously from the beginning to the end of volumes hereafter, that the numbers when bound may be more conveniently referred to.

WHO IS THERE TO CAST A STONE AT ROSCOE CLEVELAND? Not one.

MITCHELL, "SPIKED Sullivan in the shins," and if that isn't hitting below the belt what is?

CONGRESS—The mountain labors and brings forth not so much as the slightest insect.

MR. SHEPARD was not one of the twelve apostles. He is merely the postscript; or, in other words, the thirteenth.

BISMARCK WOULD like to control the deaths as well as the marriages of the Hohenzollerns, and it makes him sick to think he can't do it.

MR. CLEVELAND is issuing no orders to subordinates to stop meddling with politics, but we must remember that this is a backward season.

AN EXCHANGER has the heading "Dead with a Broken Neck." We have frequently observed the fatality of that affliction.

IT IS MR. C. who wants a second term, and shall I not respect her wishes in a little thing like that—*G. Cleveland*.

THE GOVERNOR has no desire for the presidency, but if Grover knows what he is about he won't let it go out of his hands for so little a time as half a minute.

A RECENT DISTURBANCE among colored men in South Carolina, which resulted in several razings, would seem to be a case of too excessively free wool.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD will miss Lillian Olcott; but it won't regret her, from an artistic point of view, with the solemnity of grief that calls for real tears.

MANY NEWSPAPERS are insisting that the art of S. J. Randall is true to the Democratic Pol. Very well; it is the coy maiden, then, that isn't true to S. J. Randall.

"YOU LOOK LONESOME," said somebody to the proprietor of an evening newspaper whom he found at a late hour at a banquet table at Delmonico's. "Well, I have reason to look so," said the man, wiping a tear from his eye with a corner of his napkin, "because it appears I am the last supper."

THE *JUDGE* has pictures of John Sherman, W. M. Everts, John J. Ingalls and even Frank Hiseock in gorgeous military uniforms, of which they are evidently very proud. May we ask, what war was it, and on which side?—*Albany Times*.

Well, as they were Republicans it may be safely assumed that they didn't fight on the confederate side anyhow.

SELAH!

THE *JUDGE* last week commenced its fourteenth volume. Same thing in connection with the new birthday as with the several that have preceded it under the present management, only more so. The *JUDGE*'s friends have grown in number by many thousands; its advertising pages have been more than packed by appreciative business men;



"AT CENTIES SUP.

SHIPPING AGENT—"Is the captain of that barge aboard?"

Mrs. West Trow (who has had an argument with her husband): "No; 'taint got no cap'n." If you wonder see 'th' lord high adm'r'l, you're gain' right at him."

BUZZ SAWS.

The careless man escapes many dangers.

Some men don't eat much when they dine at home.

Some of us starve on what others grow rich on.

It is hard to help the man who won't help himself.

The man who never does anything often gets into trouble.

The rogue sometimes finds it to his advantage to be honest.

Luck often makes a success of what perseverance made a failure.

New clothes look the best, but they are the most uncomfortable.

A sin always seems the most enormous when someone else commits it.

It is easy to convince one's self there is no sin in doing what profits us.

You soon learn to doubt the friend whom you are obliged to ask for help.



AN UNPLEASANT COINCIDENCE.

Miss Caterer.—How persistent Mr. Speck is in his attentions to you, my dear.

Miss Soper.—Isn't he, though? I really think he is not just right in his mind.

Miss C.—How discerning you are, my dear. Exactly the same idea occurred to me.

WOULDN'T DO IN THE DAY-TIME.

Anderson goes home in the middle of the afternoon and finds the house locked up.

"I declare," he exclaims to Richards, who accompanies him, "if my wife hasn't gone away, without leaving me any way to get in."

"Haven't you a key to the door?" asks his companion.

"Yes, but confound it! it's a night-key."

TOO MUCH EDUCATIONAL ACUMEN.

Stranger (in Wyoming town).—"Can you tell me where the village schoolmaster lives?"

Native.—Nary, pard. Th' highest I kin come to it is ter tell yer whar he did live.

"He undertuk t' tell Hank Hammond's darter, Becky, that 'f-e-l-l-a's' spelt 'out,' an'—well, th' snow-drops is jest sproutin' over whar we set him out."

TO A FAIR ACADEMIC.

Believe me, I've many a friendship seen,

But, lady, only to discover—
That when 'tis maid and youth between

The "friend" is very like the lover.

Plato and his disciples teach
That friendship can o'er love hold sway;

An easy doctrine 'tis to preach;
Act on it—there's the deuce to pay.

Nay, if there men exist who crave
Friendship, and nothing more,
from thee,

Old Adam turning in his grave
May mourn his sons' degeneracy.

DUFFIELD OSBORN.

THOUGHTS FOR THE FAMILY.

First convict.—"It's all fixed, Jim, and to-night we can make our escape."

Second convict.—"I've been thinking the matter over, Erastus, and I have changed my mind. I shall not go."

First convict.—"What's wrong?"

Second convict.—"I cannot consent to compromise my family by any such step."



A LACK OF TRADE INSTINCT.

VELUTEREX (striding into the Caledonian club plente grouchy).—"Sushenders, c'wunt meens: I sells dem sheep."

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

Mrs. Phelim.—"I understand your father is writing an autobiography, Jane."

Mrs. Laffin.—"Yes; it's going to be a very interesting book. You mustn't make it public, though."

Mrs. Phelim.—"Certainly not, Jane; but do you know I'm perfectly crazy to know whose autobiography it is."

NO HOPE FOR PROGNOSTICS.

Bagley.—"Here's the story of how the Dakota people killed the weather prophet who said the spring would be very early this year."

Bailey.—"Humph! He ought to have been killed."

Bagley.—"And here is the prediction of a New Jersey man for four feet of snow on the first of May."

Bailey.—"Well, he will get killed."

GRINDER'S LITTLE SCHEME.

Head clerk.—"I presume, sir, that as you have ordered us all to sign the half-holiday petition you intend to shorten the working-hours on Saturday."

Grinder.—"Indeed, sir, I intend nothing of the sort. Don't you see the holiday brings a much greater rush of custom?"

A FEW PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

"One wouldn't care always to carry his head as St. Denis carried his—under his arm."

"How exasperating it must be to a hot-tempered wife to have a bald-headed husband!"

"When a singer complains that his voice is broken you may be sure that it isn't worth your while to hunt for the pieces."

VISITS OF CEREMONY.

Conversation between a mistress and her servant.

"Did you tell the ladies I was not at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what did they say?"

"They said, ma'am, as how it was terrible lucky."

IN THE RESTAURANT.

Bobby.—"I think that Stufum ought to get some more noon waiters."

Grafton.—"Why, man alive, the house is full of 'em! I've been waiting here myself half an hour."

EVENING JOURNALISM.

Spring (in newspaper office).—"Please give me a copy of day's regular issue."

Clerk.—"Can't, sir; we didn't get out anything but extras to-day."

AN OBJECTIONABLE MAN.

"Why should you object to marry an auctioneer, my dear? He's wealthy and respectable—what else do you want?"

Cecile (who is secretly engaged to Gamboe, the artist).—"I don't like his appearance, ma mere! An auctioneer is always for-bidding."

HUM OF THE COURT.

What Senator Ingalls needs to do is to apologize for his several apoplexies.

Lawyer Marsh may be said with peculiar truth to be a member of Debar.

What will John R. McLean do when he can't buy the New York Star as a daily amusement?

Ex-queen Isabella is afflicted with poverty. Her old trouble was wickedness and she never got it cured.

Jake Sharp faced the music here, and it was a hard task. May the poor old fellow find it easier to do it over there.

If Dr. Dix had sent out that sermon a little earlier he would have been a good-enough Morgan till after the lenten season.

Dr. Hammond's idea that men need not die is very gratifying; but men are stubborn and will insist on the privilege to the end of time.

Historical—When Richard III. called for a horse he added parenthetically, "Not a mule, mind you." This is business and I must have speed.

A bald-headed Sioux City man is raising, much to his surprise, a tuft of red hair about the circumference of a dollar, and feels so bad about it that he wants to be scalped.

"Nothing is ever really lost," as Walt Whitman says; but the question is ever present, why doesn't the man who found it return it to its original owner and get the reward offered in the daily newspaper?

The *World* says E. C. Stanton and S. B. Anthony have been wound-up to go on forever; so there is your perpetual motion as to conversation at least.

If Jay Gould is a skunklet as well as a pirate king, as the *Herald* says, he is the kind of remarkable combination the dime museums have long been looking for.

The empress and crown princess of Germany will make the matches of the Hohenzollerns hereafter, with the aid of Victoria of England, and if Prince Bismarck doesn't like it he can go out and strike his own.

Mr. Ward McAllister in saying that New York has only 400 really fashionable persons shows a large amount of discretion to the total disruption of his mathematics. There are 412, with a few fractions that will presently make the number still larger.

There is to be a new daily evening paper. It will give every day the latest reports regarding matters just previous to the deluge.—A special feature in a number shortly to be issued will be a fine account



A NARROW ESCAPE.

Hostess (to family doctor):—"That was taken, doctor, when I was about sixteen years old."

Doctor (with an eye to business):—"Ah, Mrs. Phuff, it's very lucky I did not meet you at that time."

Hostess (flattered):—"Ah doctor, I'm afraid you are a flatterer. Do you mean lucky for me?"

Dr.—"Ahem, no, not exactly. Lucky for me."

ists at Washington with much dignity and impressiveness; but occasionally she had to turn her back to the audiences and take out her teeth for a small giggle.

The Miss Singer who has bought a duke and paid \$60,000 to consummate the purchase is quite pleased with her prize, because it wears side-whiskers and can talk like a real man.

Margaret Mather is very much out with J. M. Hill, and therefore we wouldn't be that man for anything; but at the same time J. M. is one of the Hills that the general public is glad to be heir to.

Statesmanship of the woman's congress—"How do you like my new dress?" "Admirable. What do you think of Mrs. Thompson's bonnet?" "Made over; and isn't she a bold, forward, brazen thing?"

Every one of Chauncey's denials increases the desire to have him run for president; so that if he wants to save himself that ordeal he had better say he wants it. But then he would say that with such great good sense that perhaps the peril would be increased.

The Rev. Mr. Pogson says:—"Marriage should never be thought of until the question is put." If that rule prevails, good man, there will never be any question or any marriage. We have sometimes thought it a good idea to dress a proverb in a little common sense.



WITH EVERY BOTTLE.

DRUG CLERK (to youth who wants something to aid the growth of his whiskers):—"After the elixir makes your beard come out, then you can get the wind started through them with this little pair of bellows."



AT THE CATERERS' CLUB DINNER.

(Continued over.)

MR. PAULSEN—"You'll excuse me, Maah, Breckridge—da's my grape-jocce!"

of Mr. Pharaoh's unsuccessful effort to cross the Red sea.

Oratory is making progress. They even tell of a silver-throated Georgia mule.

We must not forget when we praise Buffalo that Mr. Howells prides himself on his fiction.

There is talk of having J. L. Sullivan fight an antelope, and the animal, getting ready to run, says it is anxious for the encounter.

All the leading Democrats are not dead or dying. Jeff Davis, for instance, is sufficiently well to be hard at work on another book.

Miss May Sharpless, who is worth \$9,000,000, though only nine years old, is an edgeline evidence of the possibilities of youth here in New York.

A spirit artist has presented through a medium a picture of "Yorick laughing at his last joke." Ah, well; we suppose the poor skull will presently develop sufficiently to start a comic newspaper.

We suppose that when John Ingalls dies he will go right up to St. Peter and pull his whiskers, turn him around to look at something that can't be seen, and walk into paradise with the unconscious assurance of one who owns the whole establishment.

Though a light, frivolous, dizzy girl, S. B. Anthony presided over the suffragally she had to turn her back to the audiences and take out her teeth



GOODY TWO SHOES.

CARRIED home two tiny pairs of shoes—
A pair of "ones," the other number "twos";
The pretty smaller ones for pretty Kate,
The scarcely larger for her sister Mate.

A gush of thank-yous filled my willing ear—
Some fraction of the same no doubt sincere;
Then came swift terrors of the home-made pun,
The more they tortured me the more the fun!

Here follow samples of their style of things—

"Both girls and shoes you've got upon a string."
"My aces beat your bigger deuces," and
"Let's hold them, thus, to keep new shoes on hand."

Then, turning me-ward, "It is shoe I love."
"So-leather's not all other things above."
"Our understanding's by a-dress revealed."
"Keep tak-in-steps that prove how well you're heeled."

More wretched puns on "sole" succeeded fast;
I had to stand a dose of "awl" and "last."
The aggravation was that, they believed
Such drivell worthy to be well received.

Nay, more! they really thought it "awful smart,"
And lack of *encore* sorely took to heart.
At last, by strategy, I spiked their gun
And charged the enemy upon the run.

I seized Kate's shoes, and with a feigned surprise
Exclaimed, "Why! these are not of equal size!"
Said Kate, "There! Just my luck! Oh, cruel fates!
"Explain." "They're odd because they are not Mate's."

JOHN ALBRO.



A SOLOQUY.
UNCLE BETHWEL, on his first city visit:—"What a tarnation fool I was for lay out five cents for a ticket. Might just as well a gone down inter th' street'n waited for ketch one when I come through."

A CONTRADICTION OF TERMS.
Read in an article in a Paris paper on the relations of France with foreign powers.

"For more than fifty years the burning of Moscow has caused a coolness in our intercourse with Russia."

THE FERRY-BOAT NUISANCE.
Mother—"Are you sure, my dear, that the ladies' cabin is on this side of the boat?"
Daughter—"Why, of course, mamma. Don't you see that it's crowded with men?"

GOT IT DOWN FINE.
Read in an album.

"It is only falling in love that is really ecstatic. The most beautiful romances are those that have no end."

"Love never grows old; he dies in childhood."

"THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD."
Husband—"Great heavens, Mary! there's a man shot across the street."

Wife—"Sh! Don't speak so loud, John, or you'll wake the baby."



HE THOUGHT NOT.

MISS KNIGHT (to new acquaintance whose name she did not catch).—"Etymology of names is my favorite study. My theory is that all names indicate what the persons' ancestors were: for instance, my ancestors were knights, the Smith family were blacksmiths and so forth. I think it's the best way to tell what a person is, don't you, sir?"
Well, no, he didn't, because his name was Hogg.

IF YOU HAVE TEARS, PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW.

Read in a shop window near one of the principal Paris cemeteries.
"We make a Specialty of Onion Soup, which we furnish where Refreshments are provided at funerals!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Brown has had his picture published in a daily paper, and he says the wood-cut is the unkindest cut of all. He says that if it had been a striking likeness it would have knocked the artist down.

SWEET CHARITY.

Vagrant—"Beg parding, mum, but could ye have the kindness to lend me a box of sardines to open with this can-opener?"

Mrs. Outcake—"Sorry I can't, poor fellow; but here's a dipper of water and a tract. I kinder hate to send the poor away empty-handed."



WESTERN ENTERTAINMENT.

MISS YALACOTT (of Boston, who has dropped off the excursion train at Bad Fen, Arizona, to drop in on her son).—"Don't you miss the affairs of society, William—theatre, parties, five o'clock teas, and so forth?"

WILLIAM.—"Not much, mother. Why, Hooker Bill gives a three o'clock whisky over on the divide this very afternoon."

HIS OBJECTIONS TO LIFE IN THE WEST.



give you, an!—well—you'll just want to walk away from yourself around the corner; it's amazin' to see the stuff they'll wear. Oh, it ain't a bad place in some respects—but close! They don't know what close means out west."

And then he turned the least ragged part of his hat-brim to the front, tore off a dependent tatter or two from his sleeve, re-tied the piece of twine that held his coat together, and moved thoughtfully on his way.

MARLENE S. BRIDGES.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Wife of real-estate agent (weary of patching the children's clothes)—"I tell you, Arthur, I have a soul above this drudgery. Be-



THE SAGACIOUS DOG.



He was standing in the sunshine, clothed, or rather covered, with a variety of patches. I had just given him a quarter, the first impetus, he assured me, in the direction of dinner that he had received for weeks.

Meantime, while getting up energy enough to proceed in the above-named direction, he favored me with his views on life in the west.

"I was there—let me see—wal, fer three years 'n a half, but—I couldn't stand it. No man could thet's bin used to the comforts we hev here. Oh, it's well enough; it's a growin' place, an' it 'll be somethin' by-n-bye. But now, fer instanz, now here—sech a thing as close, fer instanz! A man can't g't a decent suit of close, not to fit him 'n look as they'd ought to look, out there. They ain't got the style nor they ain't got the material. I tell you, you put on a suit of close—thet best they kin



A DARK NIGHT.

MR. WASHINGTON, No. 3001 (on a mission of love)—"I pretend 't say dat a man dat 'll keep a dawg whad doan' zib' yer no warrin' orter be prosecuted. O'way dar!"

fore we were married you used to tell me I'd be your little partner in the business."

Exasperating husband—"So you are, my dear; so you are! While I'm out collecting rents you're here mending tears. Same thing, you know."

SHAKESPEAREAN EVOLUTION.

"Why are witches always pictured with beards on?" she asked.

"Always, my dear! They are not," he replied, to gain time.

"Well, why are they ever? Why are they in Shakespeare?"

"My love (this time confidentially), you must know that in Shakespeare's time the human race was in a state of prehistoric undevelopment. The beard was not entirely dropped by the fair sex until they had developed sufficient chin to supply the necessary warmth caused by its absence."

Then he lightly blew her a kiss, and softly closed the door between them.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Some men want mo' en a gun toe make um brave.

Yo' mus' stay in de mahkit all de time toe git bagains.

De easies' man toe cheat am de one dat t'inks yo' can't do hit.

Hit mus' rain mighty hahd toe scare a woman wid a new gown.

Many a man dat am hones' w'en he 'm alone ud be a knave wid knaves.

Yo' may laik toe darnse, but yo' doan' wantoe heah a fiddle all de time.

De lucky huntah ud hab yo' beleebe dot he dun kill de las' possum in de woods.

Yo' may cry dis mawmin' obah-anoddah's trub-bles, but yo' 'll sleep to-night.

Ef acks, an' not wuds, am w'at people want, w'y doan' de auctioneah an' de pol'itian go into some oddah business?

De fluctuation ob de mem'ry am 'stonishin'. Ef yo' owe a dollah, anoddah man mus' put yo' in min' ob hit; wh'reas ef a dollah am comin' toe yo', yo' min' nebbah needs joggin'.

W'en Sambo gits caught de wrong side ob de fence, hit am a good argumant dat a man awt not toe t'ink mo' ob ehicken en he do ob hise'. De man dat allus takes chances am laikly toe be took by chance.

J. A. WALDRON.

The man who has worked himself up in this world is always the hardest on those beneath him.



THE MODERN EXODUS FROM THE LAND OF FREE TRADE

"Last year the arrivals of Immigrants reached the enormous aggregate of 450,8

MOSES (Uncle Sam)—"Why, O Pharaoh, are your hosts migrating to my Pro



BONDAGE TO THE LAND OF PROTECTION AND PLENTY.

45, and this year's immigration will be over *Half a Million*."—N. Y. Sun.

etion land if the Free Trade which your Country enjoys is such a blessing?"

SACKETT & WILKINS LITHO CO. N.Y.



THE BENDER'S RETREAT TOPOGRAPHY.

ASPAR W. FEEDPIPE of Kensico, N. Y., waked up one morning recently and found that by a close, brutal and avicious career of twenty years as a hardware, dry-goods and meat dealer he had saved five hundred and eighteen dollars in cash and a protested note in his favor for \$17.20, including protest fee and interest.

Casting about for an investment, his hook caught on to an announcement which set forth the advantages to be gained by the acquirement of some town lots in Bender's Retreat, Arizona, and with a caution born of life in Kensico, and an inability to beat the late Horace Greeley in chirography, he asked his son William to write for a descriptive circular of the property, with a view toward careful investigation and possible purchase.

William was varying his duties as stamping clerk in the post-office by an ephemeral and home-made course in medicine, and current events having greatly aroused his interest in a special section of anatomical study he sent, in a letter, a request to a Philadelphia publishing house for a chart showing the details of the works involved.

How those two requests, which read simply and similarly, "please send a pictur-shewin' latest discov'ries of the place," got mixed in the mail, nobody but a man who has had intimate dealings with a country post-office can tell, but that it was so was proven in the course of due time.

William never heard from his venture, and shortly after the event of its mailing received an appointment as night-watchman in a White Plains coal-yard, left home for keeps, and concerns this narrative no more.

Two or three weeks after a long, yellow envelope, marked "Private," with post-mark so blurred as to be illegible, came directed to Mr. Feedpipe, who found, after taking it to the hay-mow so as to avoid the prevalent Westchester county curiosity, that it contained a map of which the adjoined is a copy.

He smoothed it out on the barn floor, laid down over it with his chin on his hands, studied it long and earnestly, and then, with an anxious and unsatisfied look on his face, got pen, ink and paper and carved out the following letter.

As Mr. Feedpipe could not read it himself after it was written, it were better, perhaps, to divest it of the sways of original and unique spelling, construction, penmanship and blots and offer only a free translation, which approached this:

"MANAGER OF THE ULTIMATE LAND AND CATTLE CO.,

"BENDER'S RETREAT, ARIZONA.

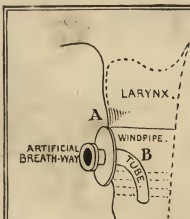
"Dear sir:—The map of your property which you kindly inclosed to me is one of the finest examples of color-work I ever saw, but in some particulars is not quite clear.

"To begin with, in this part of the country we call a sewer a sewer and not a tube; and further than this, with my experience of drainage, I fail to see why you carry the pipe across instead of into the river. Another thing in this connection puzzles, and I may say discourages me. If the citizens of that fat town on the east side of the river got up children

breaths of a power which makes it incumbent to build a sewer to flush them, don't you think it would be better to let them attend to the matter themselves, and not run their canal through your town of Windpipe? By the way, the people out here are not stuck up, nor proud, but I want to give you a tip on naming any future townships you may stake out. Instead of calling them by such names as Windpipe and Larynx, which may be all right for cowboys, if you will map them down as Tawithorn Park, Windsor Terrace, or Tuxedo Orange you will find that you will get more inquiries from the jays of culture in this vicinity.

"Of course you can't make any change now, but look out for the future, my boy.

"Please let me know whether the dotted line at the top of the map is a fence or a creek, and if the latter, how the fishing is. I like to fish, and last week caught a pickerel



FRANKLIN PARKER— "That man's taking up considerable room. Guess 'll give him a reminder!" (Lets go a tremendous punch with his elbow.)



A FLYING EXPERIMENT IN SHANTYTOWN.

GAMES (attached to kite)—"Say, Spudgie, if yer don't let me out der right away I'll knock de duff outen yer when I gits down, ya hear?"

weighing two feet ten ounces from his head to his dressed diameter.

"I suppose the spot marked 'B' on the map is a harness; as I understand they are getting prevalent in the west; but please tell me whether the 'A' means 'Albatross' or 'Arsenal,' as I have had some experience in the most business and would prefer to have my claim staked in a congenial locality.

"Am glad to note that you have laid out a race-track between the breath-way and the tube opening, and will say now that I own a brown mare that can trot the stuffing out of anything of her length in these parts.

"Let me hear from you again, and perhaps we can make a dickie. Yours invariably, "C. W. FEEDPIPE."

The fact that Mr. Feedpipe's supposed map was a chart description of the operation of tracheotomy, and had been mailed from Philadelphia in the interest of his son's education, has never enlightened the old man, and he has been haunting the post-office ever since for renewed information regarding Bender's Retreat.

JAMES S. GOOVIN.

The man who drinks to drown his sorrows is apt to think he is more unfortunate than he is.



CHURLISHNESS REBUKED.

"W-what in blazes have you got in that b-handle?"
OUR MESSENGER—"O! doan' know as it's anyer yure business, but it do be a forty-pound lithographic shime fer th' paper, sor."



IN THE BOILER SHOP.

KELSO (from inside).—"Are yee on a shtriko, Grady? Wes 'll not finish 't job 't day!"
 GRADY (his helper).—"Hould yure wind, Kelso. 'O! 'm warm'n' rivets: (sings) an' 'O! don't 'tink 'O! 'n beholden 't
 James Kelso 't be tellin' 'im here 'thin rivets do be situated!"

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT

NIBLO'S.

Mr. E. G. GILMORE, Lessee and Manager.
 Reserved seats Orchestra circle and Balcony, 50 cents.

"EVANGELINE."

Evenings at 8.

Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.

WALLACKS.

Under direction of Mr. Henry Abbey.

"SHE STOPS TO CONQUER."

Evenings at 8:15.

Matinee Saturday 2:15.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Bios's Baroque Company in The Gorgeous Production of

"PEARL OF PEKIN."

Dixey, Rice & Barton,

Proprietors.

HARRISON'S PARK THEATRE.

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M. H. Huxley,

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Phenomenal Success of Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN

in his artistic and natural character of

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Have Brinkman and his Popular Orchestra.

Wednesday—Matinee—Saturday.

The Solmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Solmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

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What
 Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
 Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
 SUPPRESSION OF TUBERCULOSIS
 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 27th, 1888.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEW YORK TO THE FRONT.

A Matter Which Concerns You.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should longer be ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others, do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength.

NEW YORK (143 Third Avenue), February 19, 1888.—After using "Warner's Safe Cure," I take pleasure in stating that I have found it the greatest remedy for the kidneys in the world. I would inform you that I followed the profession of a "Pedestrian" for upwards of twenty years and am proud to state that I retired as Champion Endurance Pedestrian of the World. I then became manager of Walking and Bicycle Matches. The severe strain told upon my kidneys. I suffered untold misery. I was induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after taking six (6) bottles I am enabled to say I am better than I have been in ten years. I will with pleasure answer any parties who may desire information.

Harry Brooks.

BROOKLYN (438 Henry Street), January 31, 1888.—Last summer I suffered much from malaria and was recommended by a friend to try "Warner's Safe Cure" and am pleased to say it worked a most successful cure.

James J. Clining.

NEW YORK CITY (157 West Twenty-third Street), January 25, 1888.—For about ten years, up to three years ago, I was suffering the most excruciating and unbearable pains in the left side, continually belching up wind, with a tired and languid feeling. I am a conductor on the Elevated Railway, and was when I commenced testing "Warner's Safe Cure." I used to lose on an average four days every month with the horrible pains. I tried lots of doctors and lots of medicine but of no avail, until a friend came along and told me about "Warner's Safe Cure." I think I took about 18 or 20 bottles, entirely driving the pain away, relieving me of that languid feeling, giving me a better color and good appetite.

Abraham C. Johnson.

NEW YORK (No. 30 East Twenty-second Street), February 3, 1888.—My son has been taking "Warner's Safe Cure" for two years and he seems to be entirely cured of his trouble, which the doctors pronounced at that time Bright's disease.

L. B. Little.

BROOKLYN (141 Myrtle Avenue), February 19, 1888.—I have been employed on the Union Ferry Co. since 1848, and enjoyed good health until I was ruptured 25 years ago. Five years ago I was cured of the rupture, and then taken with Hydrocele and was operated on by Dr. Burnham, of New York City, the last operation being performed in 1886 at 222 Pearl Street, Brooklyn. Since that time I have had a gathering of water in the stomach and weakness of the kidney. Last fall I was recommended to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and since that time I have found great relief in my kidneys and stomach.

Capt. John Cole.



Ely's Cream Balm

IS SURE TO CURE

COLD IN HEAD

QUICKLY.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

ELY BROS., 255 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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